

Do I stand in your way? by Cammerel

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Summary:

“Actually... I wanna break up.”

Both of their smiles drop, Nancy’s eyes wide and Jonathan’s face twisting with hurt.

Do I stand in your way?

Author's Note:

Or am I the best thing you've had?

Steve offers the change and the woman's order, smiling as she leaves before he turns his back to the cash register and glances longingly up at the clock. He's had a knot in his shoulder pretty much since he got in today, and he's felt it every time he's handed an order over. The end can't get here sooner.

Three more **hours**.

Just three more fucking hours and he can go home and get out of these clothes.

He takes a sip from his water, about to turn back to see if there are any new customers when he hears a voice from that side of the counter.

"Three number threes, please."

"Nance?" he asks and smiles wide, looking between her and Jonathan, "What are you two doing here? I thought you were stuck at the office."

"We got out early," Jonathan tells him, Nancy's arm hooked in his, "Can you come and eat with us?"

Steve shakes his head, "Ugh, no. Unfortunately. Christy had to take off work. Something personal, so it's just me manning the counter today, totally solo."

Nancy pouts, "Okay," she says in understanding, "Maybe we can spend some time together tonight? We were thinking of renting Jaws."

"Alright, yeah," Steve nods, swallowing tightly, "You two want food though, right?" he offers, smirking, "The usual?"

"Please," Jonathan says as he pulls his hand from his pocket, "I'm starving, we haven't eaten since lunch."

Steve shares an understanding look with them but doesn't respond as he makes their orders, he hasn't eaten since breakfast, but he doesn't make a big deal and point it out to them.

He prepares each of their meals carefully, only getting the freshest food for them before handing them over and waving away Jonathan's wallet when he tries to pay.

"Are you kidding?" he says a little lower, "What kind of boyfriend would I be if I just let you two pay for your food? It's on me, duh."

Nancy smiles wide, leaning over the counter, "I'd kiss you if I could, Steve Harrington."

"Hah, but you can't," he teases her, the longing ache rising up to remind him of what he can't have just because he's around other people. It's difficult to stare at either of them and not be able to lay his hands or his lips on them no matter where they are. It's only common sense that stops him.

He throws away the receipt and waves them both away, "Go eat. I'm off at eight."

"Okay, but only because you insist," Nancy says and takes Jonathan's hand once more, the two walking off to take a seat at one of the nearby tables.

Steve watches them from a distance as they eat and laugh, as Jonathan flicks little stray bits of rice at Nancy only for her to retaliate by eating a piece of his bourbon chicken. Smiling at him with her lips pressed together as she chews.

He feels his heart wrench back, resisting the urge to wrap his arms around himself.

He's so focused on them that he doesn't hear the woman speak up until the second time she tries to get his attention.

"Oh gosh, I'm sorry," he forces on a bright smile, and moves back to

the start of the counter to take her order.

He doesn't get home until late, a little later than he'd like, but he brings home dinner to try and make up for it. Opening the door and preparing himself to be enveloped in their arms, he nearly drops the bag when he sees them both asleep, curled up on the loveseat together.

The TV in front of them is still rolling the end credits.

Steve clears his tight throat, keeping it low as he turns, locks the door, and takes off his shoes. He walks through the livingroom and into the kitchen, putting the food away for tomorrow.

He comes back in, looking at them one last time before he pulls the blanket from the top of the couch and drapes it over them for warmth.

He turns off the TV and stops the movie, pressing rewind on the tape.

On the upside, he can go up and sleep and he... doesn't have to struggle to stay awake with the bone deep ache he's feeling from scrubbing the tile floors of his workplace for the last half hour.

He showers first, of course, nearly passing out even as he tries to clear the shampoo bubbles from his eyes.

And then he goes to his own bedroom alone and collapses on top of the covers, blinking away the tears before he drops into a restless, dreamless sleep.

"He still out?"

Steve doesn't open his eyes, but he hears Jonathan's voice clear as day.

Nancy giggles, "Yeah, you should see."

"Nah, let him sleep," Jonathan says and Steve can only assume that he's standing at the bedroom doorway, considering how much closer

Nancy's voice is.

"Should we?"

"Yeah, let him wake up on his own," Jonathan tells her, "Come on, let's go get showered."

"Ooo," she says and he hears her footsteps to the door, a shared kiss between them as she giggles again, "You think he'll mind if we take a little *longer* than usual?"

Jonathan laughs as well, "Alright, you."

Steve blinks his eyes open finally when they close the bedroom door behind them.

He sits up and stares at it for a long, silent moment, letting everything sink in. Steve doesn't have bad days often. Of the three of them, he probably has had less than half the amount of either of them, maybe even less... but it does happen. He's felt this way before.

As good as he is with controlling his emotions (particularly with rage and sadness), sometimes they get the better of him.

With Nancy and Jonathan, it's hard not to feel completely inadequate sometimes.

After all, they're both incredibly smart, and sharp, and witty, and they're both amazing people. And they look so beautiful together. It's clear that they were made for one another, both of them being cut from the same cloth.

Steve definitely stands out against them.

So it makes sense that they don't wake him...

Why two people who don't really like talking that much, two people that definitely enjoy their time letting him sleep, so that they can have their peace and quiet.

It makes sense, but it still hurts.

He walks out of the bedroom in his pajamas and nears the bathroom, able to hear them in there together and as much as he wants to join them, this dark part of him tells him that he would just be disrupting their time together.

Instead, he leaves the bathroom behind and heads into the kitchen, grabbing the leftovers from the night before and eating it cold, sitting at the table alone while they spend their morning without him.

"I've been telling you for ages," Dustin says as he steals some of Steve's fries, "Don't. Date. **Couples.**"

"But I love them," Steve mutters into his milkshake.

Dustin stares at him flatly, "Are they really worth all the pain?"

Steve huffs and considers it, tilting his head at the conflicting stream of thought that comes through when he tries to think about it at all, "No? Yes... no? I don't know."

"Look how miserable you are, man," Dustin pats him on the back, "I've never seen a girl bring you down like those two do, it isn't healthy."

"But-"

"If you say you love them again, I swear I'm going to hit you," Dustin cuts him off.

Steve rasps his lips and pushes his food away, "Just eat it, I'm not in the mood."

"What?" Dustin tries to push it back, "You haven't even eaten your sandwich."

"I'm not hungry."

"Those two are bad for your figure," Dustin says, trying to sound mature but he just ends up coming off the opposite like he always does. Steve doesn't point it out, sipping on his milkshake moodily.

Dustin sighs and takes the food as Steve pulls his shades back down to cover his eyes.

“Mom always tells me that when I get your age I’ll eat like triple what I eat now.”

Steve shrugs. It's probably true.

When Steve's in a good mood, he can eat two whole large pizzas without even breaking a sweat.

“They’re not good for you,” Dustin continues, “You shouldn’t date couples. Like, if you’re going to date two people at the same time, don’t date a couple. They were already together. Hell, you told me, she **cheated** on you to get with Jonathan.”

“She did,” Steve sighs in agreement.

Dustin nods and Steve starts to look back on how things have been with them all lately.

The good times are really good, but the bad times lately...

Steve feels like a black hole.

“They’re already perfectly in sync with eachother. Nancy’s all brains, she’s way smart. She’s the brain. And Jonathan’s like... I don’t know. He’s like the soul, right? He’s all deep and dark and moody and takes pictures and shit.”

It sucks, but he’s not wrong.

“Mhmm.”

“So where the hell do you fit in there? Nowhere. If you've got brains and you've got a soul you don't really need much else.”

He really doesn’t fit anywhere with them.

“Nowhere,” Steve repeats.

“So yeah. Listen to me, you know I’m right. Don’t date couples.”

Nancy and Jonathan have always fit well, even before, when she was with Steve. He pretty much saw it coming long before it did, that was why it was so easy to accept. Hard to let her go. Heartbreaking to say the least. But he did it because he knew how good they worked together. Without him.

She felt comfortable with Jonathan in a way she never had with Steve.

“Don’t date couples.”

Steve nods and smiles tightly, “Right, right. Don’t date couples,” he agrees.

“That’s right. God, you’d be lost without me. I don’t know how you get yourself into these situations man, people tear you apart.”

Steve is beginning to feel like he’s walking around with a constant black cloud over him, but he assures himself that things will eventually find a way to work themselves out.

Nancy always says that the world will balance out, and he’s hoping for that.

Friday is the last silver lining he has left in him. Friday night is date night and that means that none of them work that night and they can all finally spend time together. He needs it. At this point, he needs it more than anything.

So when he gets off his shift a little early and comes home to Nancy being all dressed up and on her way out the door, of course he’s confused to say the least.

“Hey,” he stops her in the hall, his hand on her waist as he leans in for a kiss that she quickly dodges, “What’s up? You don’t gotta doll up for just us, you know. You do look beautiful though. You always look beautiful, Nancy Wheeler.”

She giggles and rolls her eyes playfully at him, “I can’t afford to smear my makeup, I’m already running late.”

“Late?” he frowns in confusion, then grabs her again, kissing her neck instead to avoid her face, “Late for what? I’m already *here*.”

“Mmm,” she moans and arches into him, “Come on, Steve. I’ve got an interview to get to.”

“Interview?” he pulls back to look her in the eyes, realization slowly dawning on him, “For real?! You got the interview?”

She smiles wider at him, “I did... I thought I told you last week.”

Steve shakes his head, “No, I had no clue,” he pushes down his own ache so that he can be happy for her instead, “That’s amazing. **You’re** amazing, Nance. You’re going to be amazing.”

Nancy hugs him and then waves quickly before leaving the house.

He watches after her longingly, only letting his face drop when she’s out of sight. The house is silent without her there, but he knows Jonathan’s somewhere, probably upstairs.

Steve, at this point, could definitely use a cuddle.

He walks up the stairs and pokes his head into Jonathan’s room, “Hey, you uh... you busy?” he asks, trying not to give himself away.

Jonathan turns to look at him and smiles, standing from his desk, “Not at all. You’re home early.”

“Thought I’d get ahead on date night. Guess I’m the fool.”

“Oh, fuck,” Jonathan says in immediate realization, walking over to him, “We forgot to tell you about the interview.”

We.

We...

Jonathan might not be meaning to say it the way Steve takes it, but *ouch*.

He forces his million dollar smile, “Bah, no problem. I’m so happy for

her, she deserves it.”

“She does,” Jonathan leans in to speak lowly to him like Nancy could hear them, “We’ve gotta plan something big when she gets it, because you know she’s getting it.”

Steve nods in agreement, pushing the rest of the pain back again and closing the distance between them to get a kiss. He needs a kiss, anything to numb that aching.

Jonathan, thankfully, takes over from there with no real prompt otherwise, kissing him back and pushing him against the doorframe.

Hands shove up his shirt and pull it off, lips return to his and Steve lets himself be taken over by it. A cuddle is nice, but this works just as good. Jonathan always knows when he needs to give control over and lose himself in the moment.

Their breaths mix, tongues brushing in sync until Jonathan pulls away and pushes Steve down onto his knees.

Yes.

A thousand times over, **yes**.

He stares up at Jonathan, those warm eyes staring down at him, dark with lust, wanting him, needing *him*.

Jonathan pushes down his pajama bottoms, freeing his cock and giving Steve barely any time to take in a breath before taking over, thrusting into his open mouth and grasping the nape of his neck in one hand, cupping his cheek with the other as he guides him.

Steve rises a little higher onto his knees, eyes squeezing shut and shoulders relaxing as he surrenders completely.

Normally, Jonathan would tell him to look, but he doesn’t this time. Clearly able to read into what Steve needs and god, does he deliver in spades.

His fingers dig into Steve’s hair, breaths coming out sharp and desperate as he uses Steve to sate his own need, fucking his throat

until it's raw and aching, until Steve cums in his work pants, untouched and dizzy with afterglow.

"Steve," Jonathan says shakily, the hand on Steve's cheek holding tight as he thrusts in one last time, as deep as he can go, his cock pulsing against Steve's tongue.

He swallows until Jonathan pulls back, hauling him up just enough as he leans down to kiss Steve.

"Fuck," he says against Steve's lips, biting them and lifting him to his feet, pulling a whimper from his lips.

Breathless, Steve follows, blinking slowly as Jonathan guides him to the bed and lays down with him, holding him close and running his fingers through Steve's hair.

"Long week," he mutters finally and Steve nods, head still spinning in a sated bliss, "I was thinking... for her promotion," Jonathan clears his throat like he's nervous, "Well, I was thinking I might propose."

Steve doesn't even tense at the words, but his blood runs cold.

"Oh..." he manages out.

"I feel like she's been waiting for it, you know?"

"Mmm," Steve fights back the knot forming in his throat, "Yeah."

"She deserves a ring on her finger, for all I put her through," Jonathan says softly, chuckling.

I.

It says a lot without saying a lot.

Steve smiles through the tears starting to blur his eyes, "Yeah," he repeats, feeling so empty suddenly.

The phone near them rings, startling them both.

Jonathan gets up from the bed to answer it and Steve listens silently,

fighting back a tidal wave as Jonathan goes silent with whoever he's speaking with.

"... I'll be right there."

Jonathan hangs up and Steve looks over to him, "What's going on?"

"Will got into a fight with a boy at school," Jonathan says, moving to get dressed and nearly tripping over his own legs in the rush.

"Want me to come with you? Be back up?"

"Nah, you just got off work," Jonathan says dismissively, "Stay in bed, you're good."

Steve watches after him all up until Jonathan stops at him and kisses his forehead, then leaves the room.

The moment he's out of sight, Steve starts shaking. The door at the front of the house closes loudly and then he finally lets the tears start falling.

Emptiness takes over and he lets it.

He hasn't cried like this since the Snowball, but he lets himself finally feel everything he's been holding back, his body heaving with loud, broken sobs as he pulls his knees to his chest.

About an hour later or some time like that, Nancy comes home and finds him in Jonathan's bed, still alone.

"Hey," she says softly, joining him and spooning him from behind, her press on nails running through his hair and scratching along his scalp the way he loves, "Missed you, handsome."

Steve smiles, able to fake a good one even though he's been in tears since Jonathan left.

"Missed you too," he says before confidently turning around to look her in the eyes, hoping his voice doesn't betray him when it's always come through before, "Did you... did you get it?"

She smiles widely at him and nods.

“You got it?!” he can feel happy for her, even when his heart knows what he has to do when Jonathan gets home.

“I got it!” she says and hugs him tight, “I got the job. Where’s Jonathan? We need to celebrate.”

Steve feels that knot return and he looks away so she won’t see the pain in his eyes.

“Steve?” she asks again, “Where’s Jonathan?”

“Probably at his mom’s house, I’m not sure,” Steve says honestly, “Will got into a fight at school so he had to go get him. He’s probably spending some time with him. Maybe giving him some serious talk or something, you know how Johnathan is.”

“Oh god,” Nancy lets out a sigh, “I should be there.”

I, again.

Steve’s bottom lip trembles and he nods, “Mhmm, you should.”

“Well, you’ve worked your butt off, so stay here okay?” she says and kisses the top of his head, getting out of bed once more, “And eat something, okay? I’ll be back with Jonathan.”

“K,” Steve listens to her leave, feeling the tingling ache returning to his fingers, his forearms.

“Yours is bigger than mine.”

“No it isn’t.”

“It is.”

“They’re really about the same, mine just looks bigger because my hand is smaller.”

Steve listens to them talking as they walk up the stairs.

“Did you ever think...”

“Hm?”

Nancy’s voice comes through clearly, “Did you ever think, at that time, that our lives would never be the same again?”

“Not at all,” Jonathan says, “Seeing that thing come through the ceiling though? I don’t know, maybe I had some... suspicions.”

Steve sits on the bed listening until they poke their heads into the room.

“Steve?”

“I’m awake.”

“Did you eat?”

Steve shakes his head silently.

“I got KFC,” Nancy says and lifts the container, smiling wide, “Hungry? Want some?”

Steve looks at them both, smiling sadly as he takes in Jonathan’s jacket on Nancy’s shoulders, her smeared lipstick and the shade of it on Jonathan’s lips, on his jaw, his neck.

He forces the smile even more.

“Actually... I wanna break up.”

Both of their smiles drop, Nancy’s eyes wide and Jonathan’s face twisting with hurt.

Steve folds his legs crisscross, hands in his lap as he sits in the center of the bed, waiting for their response.

Nancy’s lips press together to form a thin line and she nods slowly, like she’s trying to take it all in.

Jonathan’s bottom lip trembles, “Did we... did we do something wrong?”

Steve laughs painfully, tears coming up again. Fuck. He wanted to do this without crying.

He takes in a shaky breath, chest heaving, "No, no," he shakes his head, "No, god, you two... it's my fault, I think. I just... I don't fit in in your world. I mean, look at you two," he motions to them and a tear slips down his cheek, "You're beautiful together, you're both so smart and amazing and creative. You work so **well** together. You always have. I'm stupid and I barely managed to skim through high school by the skin of my teeth, but I'm not blind. And I know it's not just me, the kids see it too, even El. Dustin said it himself, right? You fit. 'Nancy's definitely the brain of the outfit and Jonathan's the soul', that's what he said."

"Dustin? What? Steve-"

"I was an idiot even thinking I stood a chance dating you both when you're already a power couple."

"Don't say that."

Steve smiles through the pain, wrapping his arms around himself to try and keep everything in, "I'm glad I got what I got," he tells them, "I mean that, I really am. I'm the luckiest guy," and he feels it, really. Even though it comes with the pain, it's still worth it in the end. To have truly been able to experience anything like this with them, it's everything to him and it's killing him.

"To be able to have even spent a day with either of you, let alone both of you at the same time. I know I was really lucky. But I can't keep doing it. Even though it's everything to me, it still hurts so much to see you both work so well together and know that I don't fit in anywhere in there. I'm just this bumbling fool that somehow managed to get the both of you to take a look at me, but I can't keep pretending that I'm a part of this when I'm clearly not."

Nancy's eyes have gone blurry, her own tears dripping down, ruining her makeup completely now, "Please, Steve-"

"It's okay," he moves slowly from the bed, "I mean that. I don't want either of you to feel bad about what it's come down to. I want you

both to be happy. I think we all know this was temporary when it started. This is why we still have separate rooms, right?"

"Steve," Jonathan says at last, reaching out for him but Steve moves away, "Whatever we did, I am so sorry. Please, let us fix-"

"Stop," Steve lifts his hand, his heart aching as he looks at them both, "Whatever you're going to say, please don't, okay? Don't lie to me. Don't pull me back in like that because honestly..." he holds his arms out helplessly, "My heart can't take it. It's hard enough as it is. So just let me go, I'll move out this week or something. Let me keep my dignity this time, even a little bit."

Nancy stares up at him, crying silently as he pushes past them and leaves the room.

The walk down the hall is a difficult one but he makes it.

He shuts and locks his bedroom door behind him and drops against it, his head in his hands as he starts crying again.

At one point, the door knob jiggles, but they don't knock, they don't talk, and Steve finally passes out there against the door, laying on the floor without even a blanket.

Sleep is unbearable, it's cold and lonely and he reminds himself that this is how it's going to be for the foreseeable future, so he should probably get used to it.

In the morning he gets up and unlocks the door, nearly tripping over Jonathan and Nancy sleeping at the foot of it.

He frowns down at them both, "What...?"

Jonathan opens his eyes first, looking up at him and then standing quickly when he sees Steve there.

"Jonathan-"

"No, please," Jonathan holds out a hand, "Hear me out, okay? This is a relationship. All three of us," he says firmly, "You can't just..." his

teeth grit together like he's holding himself back, and Steve thinks for a second that he might punch him, "You can't drop a **bomb** like that on us last night and leave, and think we won't come after you. Because we will."

Steve blushes and looks away, crossing his arms over his chest.

"We love you," Jonathan says, "Look at me, please."

Steve does, even though it hurts him to do it.

"We cried our eyes out last night after you locked us out," Jonathan tells him, "I'm not saying that to make you feel guilty, or maybe I am, shit. Because you need to understand that we're in it. We're not a couple... fucking you because you're easy."

"It-"

"Let me finish."

Steve stops and nods again, staying quiet with a muttered apology.

"You complete this relationship in the same way me and Nancy do. If she's the brain and I'm the spirit, I don't know what that's about or whatever it is, but if that's what we are... then you're the heart. And that's the truth," there are tears in Jonathan's eyes and... well, Steve's never really seen him cry, to be honest, "You're the heart, Steve. You really think you don't contribute anything to this relationship? You do. You are so brave, so bold with your emotions, all the time. Hell, it was **you** that got us all together in the first place, because you were brave enough to actually go out and say it. This whole relationship is built around you, because we love you. I know I never would have said a thing, and Nancy... maybe, but I doubt it. Neither of us would've been brave enough to try," or stupid enough, Steve thinks, but he doesn't say it.

"You put yourself out there like me and Nancy never could," Jonathan continues, large tears dripping down his face, "You've made us better at it, but you're... you're so good at being able to be open and vulnerable and honest, you're a natural. It comes so effortlessly to you, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little jealous. I wish I could be

like that. I wish I could be more like you. I wish I could be open about how I feel all the time, but the only person that can really bring it out of me is you. I was an asshole for what I suggested yesterday... if that was the breaking point, then I'm sorry."

"You-"

Jonathan shakes his head.

Steve nods, "Go ahead, I'm sorry."

"It's okay, I know you want to talk, but I need to get this out or I might not ever, you know this isn't easy for me. But I want to say it, I need to say it. I need you to know all this."

"I know, I'm sorry, I'm listening," Steve assures him, "Please continue."

"If anyone should be 'official' in the public eye or whatever it is you say all the time, it's you," Jonathan tells him and Steve starts to argue but stops himself this time, motioning to Jonathan to go on once more, "You're very tactile and I see how you struggle with not showing affection when we're all out together. You might not ever be able to do it with me because people are assholes, but maybe Nancy can be enough. It was selfish of me to think of... you know... when I know what you need to get through. I wasn't thinking. Honestly, I really wasn't thinking. And I didn't realize what I was doing to you. I don't ever want to push you out, I don't want you to feel like you can't express how you feel."

Steve smiles sadly, and then he starts to cry as well.

Jonathan takes his hands, "I'm so sorry."

Steve nods, blinking quickly.

"When you and Nancy fight, I'm there to pick up the pieces," Jonathan says, "When me and you fight, she's always there to mend that gap - and we fight so much harder because of who we are and where we come from. And when me and her fight, you are **right** there to tell us we're being complete idiots."

Steve chuckles sadly.

Jonathan smiles through his tears, "Please don't leave us. We... we'd be lost without you, I mean it. You really are our heart. You come into this house every day after work and **you** make it a *home*. You dance with Nancy, you binge movies with me. You cook for us two idiots," he chuckles and so does Steve.

"You really can't season anything," Steve says, grinning.

"I really can't."

"And I'd just burn the house down if you let me try," Nancy adds in, joining them and staring at Steve, "I'm sorry I forgot to tell you about the interview," Steve starts to assure her but she stops him, "No, it was **not** okay. And I'm sorry. You are a part of this relationship. Steve, you're everything to us. We love you so much, and I'm so sorry that we ever made you feel like you were an outsider. Please don't break up with us."

Steve feels that lump jump to his throat again and he nods, "Okay, I'm... I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too."

Jonathan pulls them both in and they all share a kiss.

"What do you want?" Jonathan asks when he pulls back, looking at Steve, "Me and Nance took the day off and we called in for you, what do you need? What can we do?"

Steve considers the question, "Uhm..."

"Anything," Nancy assures him, smiling.

Steve melts at their equal gazes, "Can we just cuddle?"

"I'd love that."

Jonathan nods, "In Steve's bed?"

Steve blushes and nods as well, "Steve's bed," he agrees and they

guide him back, climbing under the covers with him and each of them taking a side with Steve in the middle.

Nancy rests her head on his chest, her hand rubbing his stomach soothingly.

Jonathan kisses his temple, his fingers running through Steve's hair, "Guess you're stuck with us."

Steve grins and leans into the touch, meeting his eyes, "A true burden."

Nancy kisses his jaw, scratching her nails along his skin, "So what were you two talking about before, about being in the public eye?"

Steve and Jonathan share a look. Communicating silently, because as nice of a notion as it is, now is definitely not the time to propose.

"Uh," Jonathan says, trying to avoid the topic, "You know, being... a couple, out in the open."

"Yeah," Steve agrees quickly.

Nancy sits up, looking at them both, "Are you sure?" she asks, "I thought we agreed not to pair off?"

"I meant what I said," Jonathan tells them, even though he's staring at Steve knowingly, "I think it would help if you two came out as a couple. And I definitely don't mind... you know, *watching*."

Steve rolls his eyes and Nancy laughs.

"Of course you don't," she says and ruffles Jonathan's hair, then looks to Steve, sobering her cheerful mood enough to say, seriously and without a hint of humor in her voice: "I want it if you do."

Steve's heart swells, "I... I just want everyone to be happy."

Nancy smiles and kisses him softly, "Yes, you do," she says, her voice going low, "And we want you to be happy," she brushes their noses together, "But Jonathan **is** right, you're a very needy person, I... I know we agreed not to, but it might help. I've seen way too many

puppy looks from you in the middle of the mall to know that if anyone would benefit from it, you would. While me and Jonathan like it, of course we do, you need it. And that's a need I definitely don't mind fulfilling."

Jonathan nods in agreement.

"And if it doesn't work out, we can do a big, fake, dramatic public break up or something," Nancy grins, "And then come home and have really dirty, angry sex."

"Our Nancy..."

Steve laughs, letting out a huff of breath, "Okay, you've convinced me."

It's Nancy and Jonathan's turns to laugh, the pair of them squeezing him tight between them.

"I love you, Steve Harrington."

Steve smiles at her, "I love you, Nancy Wheeler."

Jonathan tugs his jaw around to look him in the eyes, leaning in to kiss him hard.

Steve grins, kissing back and waiting until Jonathan pulls away for a breath, "Love you too, *Byers*."

"*Harrington*," Jonathan lifts a brow and smirks, "Love you too."

Nancy's stomach growls then, loud and surprising all three of them, the boys turn to her and she blushes, "Okay, okay, so maybe I haven't eaten... much," she looks to Steve, "Wanna cook us breakfast?"

"I could be convinced," Steve agrees.

"Told you we need you. We're completely helpless without you."

"You both just want me for my skills in the kitchen."

"Don't forget about your skills in the bed."

"You should've seen him yesterday," Jonathan says as him and Nancy climb from the bed, "There's nothing more beautiful than Steve Harrington, on his knees."

"On his knees?" Nancy throws him a look, "I **missed** that?"

"You had an interview."

Nancy huffs, "Nothing is worth missing *that*," she says, "I demand a reenactment after breakfast."

Steve watches after them, still sitting up on the bed.

They both stop halfway down the hall to look back at him.

Jonathan motions, "You coming, handsome?"

"I would burn down the house," Nancy reminds him.

Steve smiles and gets out of the bed, "Alright, alright. I'm coming."

"Not yet, you aren't."

As he reaches them, their arms wrapping around each of his, their eyes sharing that knowing look, he thinks back on the last week, the black cloud that's been following him around, and knows how foolish he's been.

They stayed.

Not because it was easy; because it wasn't.

And not because they just wanted him to fix their problems; because he doesn't - not every time.

And not because they're both horrible at communication and he isn't; because that's not always the case.

They stayed because they love him.

Because this doesn't work with just two of any of them.

It works with each of them.

Him included.

Him.

Included.

Author's Note:

When I'm losing control,
Will you turn me away,
Or touch me deep inside?